Miss Dora J. Reuter
Waterbo, High
'28

The SKO-HASE

1928

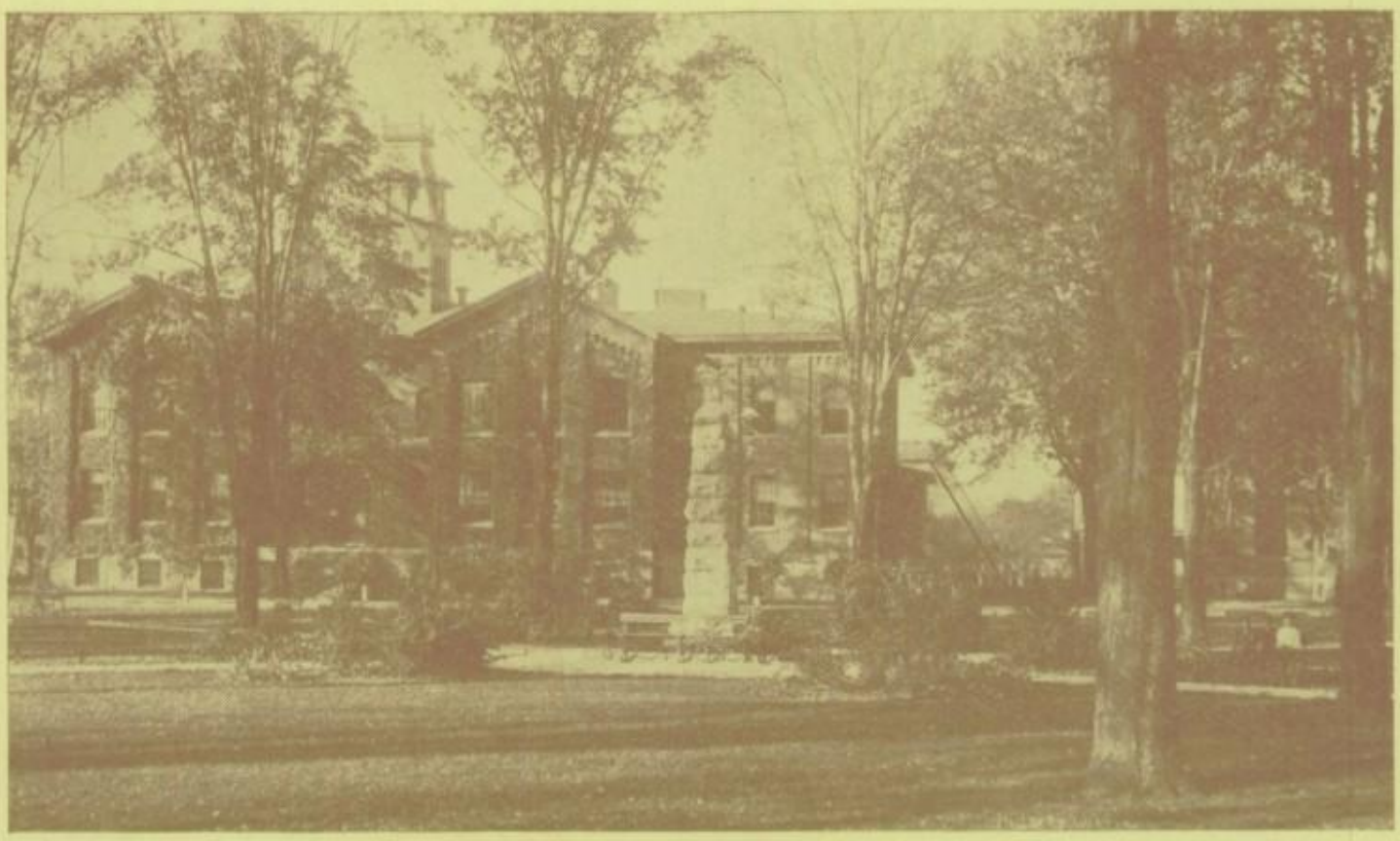
Miss Sara Skinner

The SKO-YASE

VOLUME VI

Published Annually by the Senior Class
of Waterloo High School

1928



DEDICATION

WITH mingled regret and satisfaction we dedicate this number of Skoi-Yase to the old school building which now exists only in memory. For who can look back without emotion upon the days in which some of our most lasting and valuable associations were formed? The old books may still be read, the old friends may remain about us, but the old schoolhouse is gone forever. To wish to recall it except in imagination would betray a sentimentality that nothing in this practical world could justify. It is a sign of material and intellectual progress that the obsolete should give place to the modern, the up-to-date. Our satisfaction naturally surpasses our regret. We would not label ourselves reactionary or behind the times in all things that make for individual social well-being. But now, like the world traveler who returns for a day to the home of his boyhood, we may indulge ourselves in sad and tender thoughts for the things of Auld Lang Syne. The affairs of a nation may pause for a moment of silent reverence in commemoration of a great bereavement; and since the passing of an honored landmark may in a slight sense be considered in the nature of a loss, we may likewise pause for an interval of meditation in honor of the institution which has left the material existence only to be embodied in a manner befitting the intelligent and progressive community whose latest forward step is now in the act of completion.

ROY B. MILLER.

THE OLD SCHOOL

A new school, how we laughed with glee,
And clapped our hands in our delight;
And wondered when the time would be
When that new school would loam in sight.

Yet, when the time was drawing nigh
We wandered through each silent hall
We dreaded then, to say good-bye;
To see that dear old building fall.

Each room seemed packed with memories dear,
All passing swift before our eyes
The joys and sorrows of each year;
Each disappointment and surprise.

Our fingers fumbled, as we turned
The pages o'er in memory's book,
And viewed the lessons we had learned;
The childish traits that we forsook.

And when at last 'twas time to go,
We found that we were loath to part;
We went with lingering step and slow
With dream-filled eyes and troubled heart.

And when we saw the old school fall,
And when no trace was left at last,
We vainly wished we might recall
The happy years we there had passed.

Although in truth we could not stay
And live those happy years again,
We all knew when we went away
Those years had not been lived in vain.

Full well we know no place can take
The spot in each heart set aside,
We hold it dear for memory's sake,
And there the "Old School" will abide.

ADELAIDE WATERMAN.

FOREWORD

THE community has established, sponsored and developed the school and has made it an integral part of the community itself. This advancement has been due to the efforts of many. There is the pioneer whose foresightedness laid the foundation for the commonwealth; there are the citizens of today, the farmer, the merchant, the laborer, the banker and the professional men whose financial support makes the existence of the institution possible and whose sons and daughters compose the personnel of the school; there are the teachers who have prepared themselves in order to prepare us in the fields of education in order that they might, in turn, prepare us; and finally, there are our parents, our Mothers and Fathers, who have ministered to us in childhood, who have cared for us in love, charity and law, and who have themselves sacrificed to make this our education possible. It is to all of these that we aim in these few pages to portray the spirit and personnel of our school and to show the relation between the community and the school.

"Education is our only political safety—
Outside of this ark all is deluge."

THE FACULTY

CHARLES E. FOLEY, M. S., *Supervising Principal*
CHARLES E. STRONG, A. B., *Vice-Principal*

HIGH SCHOOL

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J. ELIZABETH REAMER, Ph. B...*Mathematics*
HELEN FAHY, A. B.....*Latin-French*
ROY B. MILLER, A. B.....*English*
JESSIE JONES.....*English-Algebra*
HELEN R. ESHENOUR, A. B....*Latin-English*

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HAROLD COOK.....*Physical Training*
LESLIE N. RYAN.....*Music*
MAUD H. TEN EYCK.....*Librarian*
HORTENSE PROSKINE, B. S.....*Commercial*
DOROTHY HOWLAND.....*Drawing*
ALICE ALLISON, B. S.....*Home Economics*
AUGUSTA HECKMAN.....*School Nurse*
ELIZABETH STALEY, *Office Secretary*

GRADES

BESSIE BARTLETT.....*Eighth Grade*
SARA BURROUGHS.....*Seventh Grade*
EDNA CROSS.....*Sixth Grade*
ROSE BROPHY.....*Fifth Grade*
ROSE MATTHEWS.....*Fourth Grade*
JANE PERRY.....*Third Grade*
MARY QUINN .....*Second Grade*
PAULINE ALLEN .....*First Grade*
MAUD H. TEN EYCK.....*Kindergarten*
NELLIE WILCOX.....*First and Second Grades*
MAY J. BULL.....*Third and Fourth Grades*
HELEN PONTIUS.....*Fifth and Sixth Grades*

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The Orange and Black

Words & Music by
T. L. Gillespie

Just a song as we journ-ey on - ward, may it cheer us on our way
When we say fare-thee well for - ev - er to the school we've loved so well,

Till we reach the goal with
It will seem as though our

how - - or on our grad - u - a - tion day.
part - - ing in our hearts will ev - er dwell.

may it ev - er bring to mem - o -
Out there's still this con - so - la - -

ry, as we trav-el this wide do - main, The hap-py days of child - hood when we
tion, with a - lum-ni we shall en - chain, And with each an - nu-al ban - quet we will

joined in this glad re - frain.
join in this glad re - frain.

Chorus

Wat-er - loo you are the
Wat-er - loo you are the

dear - est, you're the sweet-est in mem - o - ry.
dear - est, you're the sweet-est in Mem - o - ry.

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of T. L. Gillespie —

when in af-ter years I wan-der, I shall er-er think of thee. I
when in af-ter years I wan-der, I shall er-er think of thee. My

see our em-blem float-ing o'er us, The or-ange and
heart will long for old ac-quaint-ance, As now in this

black so true. They're the on-ly col-ors and we want no
dear old room. We would raise the chor-us to a shout vic-

oth-ers at the high school of Wa-ter-loo.
tor-ious to the tune of our grand old

& Coda

Boom gig boom, Boom gig boom

Boom gig a rig a gig a rig a gig a boom Boom get a rat trap, Digger Paws cat trap Boom Boom Boom Hanibal
Canibal sis boom bah, Waterloo High school Rah! Rah! Rah!

SALUTATORY

MEMBERS of the Board of Education, Members of the Faculty, Parents and Friends: In behalf of the class of 1928 I welcome you.

Tonight marks, undoubtedly, the most important incident thus far in our lives. Perhaps you, who are more experienced in this great world of ours, can appreciate this more fully than we, but we do realize that one phase of our life has been completed. Sensing the fact that there are but a few more minutes in which we may class ourselves students of Waterloo High School, we are seized by a strange feeling of regret, of uncertainty and awe. The memories of our high school days will ever lie cherished in our hearts, and the faces of you, who have helped us to struggle through our seemingly tremendous problems, will be mingled among them.

After tonight we shall be in a world new and unknown to us. Some of us are planning to pursue the course of education to a greater degree, while others are going directly into the business field. Whatever our intentions, the true result of our lives depends upon what these days, which have just been concluded, have really meant to us. We have moulded our characters, formed our ideals, and henceforth shall be striving to reach that great goal which everyone seeks — Success. You will see us struggling at the foot of the ladder and I pray that you will some day see us victorious at the top, repaying you for the care we have been, spurring our country onward and making the world a brighter and better place for Man. But often shall we need your advice and encouragement, your reproofs and suggestions; and those words from you will, as we have previously learned from experience, guide us onward to victory. Each day will offer us its challenge and we must be prepared to meet it. Some day we shall find ourselves cornered by a difficult task assigned to us by Fate. That will be the great crisis of our lives. How shall we meet it? Of course, we all love victory, but supposing there is doubt in our minds of our ability to attain it. The answer is this: If we resolve to win and set out to win, there is no earthly power that can prevent us from doing so. That is what we must remember throughout our lives. One task accomplished means added strength of character, and added strength of character means one more round of the great ladder behind us. A man of strong character is determined to succeed — there is no word such as "failure" in his vocabulary. He craves success, he pursues success, he captures success. Thus, with God's help, are we going to endeavor to be men and women of such character.

And now, as we realize these facts tonight, we are not reluctant to end our high school days. We are eager and infinitely happy to enter the more extensive life. Remembering the words of the President of our Board of Education in his message to the class of 1927 that our success is your success, our triumphs are your triumphs, our failures are yours — to regret, we have resolved to prove ourselves worthy of you and of our Alma Mater — our Alma Mater that is now a sacred memory.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

IT is with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret that I address my class, the class of '28, for the last time,—pleasure to feel that the goal to which we have striven so faithfully is in our grasp. The task has by no means been an easy one. Difficulties have been met and overcome. These four years have been a meager preparation. We have reached that goal towards which we have been striving for four long, yet seemingly short years. We must now enter upon the greater field of life, which lies stretched out before us, and assume the graver business which confronts us as we leave the school so dear to us. As we pause today upon the dividing ground between two eras in our lives, and look back over the varied experiences of our high school life, with its buoyancy and its pleasures, its rivalries and ambitions, its duties and generous friendships, we cannot avoid a feeling of sadness that comes with the thought of parting. The influence of our high school days has left a lasting impression upon our minds and hearts. These years have wrought many changes in us, both as individuals and as a class. They have been years full of sorrow and pleasure, toil and joy. They have made us stronger, better, and we hope, wiser. We realize that we have gone over but a small part of the road to knowledge and wisdom. Of learning we have only tasted, not drunk deeply. The practical problem of life is yet untouched. Our new wings are yet untried, but with the bounding step of hope we advance. To leave the old building of Waterloo High School was not a pleasant task.

The many profitable hours spent within its walls had endeared it to us, and even though we will not be students to enjoy the wonderful new building, we rejoice for those who will and indeed realize all it will mean to the student body of Waterloo High School.

Tonight I think of the many warm friendships we have formed among ourselves, and our faculty, and know that wherever we may go we shall carry warm, pleasant memories. As we go forth, I have but one favor to ask of you — friends, faculty and fellow students — wish us "bon voyage" in our journey of life, with the same heartiness as that with which we wish you true happiness in yours.

FRANKLIN BAKER.

HISTORY *of the* CLASS *of* 1928

DEPARTING from the usual custom of giving facts only, this history will be a record of the individual as well as the class.

We organized as verdant Freshmen four years ago. We did all the things that Freshmen usually do, and when we became Sophomores our sense of self-importance was much in evidence. We determined to be different. We gave a vaudeville performance. The outstanding features were the minstrel and a live hen, which was contributed by Franklin Baker and Max Riegel. The next thing of importance was the Sophomore Hop. The manager who had charge of the tickets lost some. We had a large attendance but no money.

In our Junior year we purchased our rings, selecting the standard pattern for four years. Our Junior Prom was a success socially and financially. We decorated with toy balloons, which the children enjoyed. Last year Irma Seeber and Barbara Becker won first and second prizes in our annual speaking contest, and this year we carried away three of the prizes. By this you may know what fine speakers we are. Last June we entertained the Seniors with a picnic at Owasco Lake Park. We furnished a bountiful repast. Our guests during our absence for a ride on the roller coaster ate all the picnic lunch, and we were forced to buy our own. We are glad that we gave the Seniors such a good time.

We organized last fall as Seniors, with one short year less as high school students. Miss Hiller had charge of the girls, as usual, and Mr. Miller was the ruler of the boys. In December, when the new school proposition was voted, it brought sadness to us, for we realized that we would not be graduated from the old building, and the new one would not be ready for us. In December, during Christmas week, we had the annual Senior Ball. It was held in St. Paul's Parish House. We made our expenses and all had a delightful time.

And now, the general history of the class being finished, I wish to say a few words concerning the individual members of the class. Franklin Baker was our president. He was very bashful and twice refused election as prize speaker. He was an honor student and has done well in school athletics. We are proud to have him as our president. Our new vice-president, Barbara Becker, is salutatorian. She won first prize for our school at the tri-county contest of the Finger Lakes Council. She has always stood very high in her scholarship, was pianist in the school orchestra, and also took part in the senior play. Mary Hall, noted for being tallest member of the class. She is our class poet and secretary. Robert Whitaker is our treasurer. He looked very honest, so we chose him for that office. Bob made his first debut in Waterloo High School when he took part in our Sophomore Hallowe'en stunt, appearing on the scene in night apparel and with a candle in his hand, advertising Fisk tires. He has spent the last two

years driving Lux's delivery car and has made many friends among the housewives with his prompt and courteous manner. John Mitchell has the honor of being the brightest one in the class, having had an average of more than ninety-two per cent during his four years. He is our valedictorian. We expect a great future for John.

I will now tell you of the five other honor students. Mary Butler is one of our most dignified members. Last winter she spent in Florida, but she came back this year to graduate with our class. Irma Seeber loved to study and is very fond of little children. She said she was going to be a kindergarten teacher so that she might continue her youthful ways. Louise Whitehead has made a success of her high school life, having taken part in the senior play and having won first prize in the annual prize speaking contest. She always contributed much music at our assembly programs. I think Benn Townley deserved great credit, as he worked both morning and afternoon outside of school and in addition learned to play the violin. He also played in the orchestra. Doris Bell was noted for her great popularity with the masculine sex. You would always find her in attendance at all the parties. She and the presidents of our class were very great friends. She always had such a happy smile.

And now comes the history of the remaining individual members. Albert Buck has always been very bashful. He drives eight miles back and forth each day to school. This year he won first prize of the boys in the speaking contest. Albert looks so much like a minister that we gave him this part in our senior play. Dorothy Campbell, the smallest member of the class, was the champion note writer. You could usually find Dorothy at the hairdresser's or with Jack. Ruth Carroll was one of our most popular members. She was liked by both boys and girls. She had lots of pep and chewed gum splendidly. Rogers Duffy was our athlete and excelled in mischievous pranks. Rogers has always been quite a cause of worry for his teachers. He could usually be found each Saturday night at the dancing school. Katherine Felber has been found usually in the commercial department. If there were stencils to cut or the mimeograph to run, Katherine always did it. She mimeographed our history questions for Miss Hiller, much to our regret. Jack Gerard is a good scout. He has been kept busy the last two years looking after Dorothy. Dorothy has been teaching Jack to dance. We certainly feel sorry for her feet. Mary Hayes has made high school in three years. She is also noted for her sweet singing. Our basketball manager for the past year was Harold Hoy. He was very much interested in the younger classmen and was often seen in the vicinity of our old school. We had one member who was most demure and quiet; she was Eloise Humiston. Her favorite pastime when not in a class was riding with James Long in his delivery wagon. Her favorite subject was History C, and she never missed a class. Ruth Huson was one of our best looking members. Her pastime was thinking

of Silver Creek and riding in an Essex. Philip Larish has been the cause of great anxiety among his teachers. Generally on Monday afternoon Phil was absent from school. I'll leave it to your imagination where he went. Education is sometimes hard to obtain. Fred Larsen has driven seventy-two hundred miles to and from school in the last four years. Elizabeth Lewis showed great aptitude in the homemaking course. This may interest Gordon. Elizabeth won second prize in prize speaking this year. Joe McKone was the oldest member of the class. He has shown much interest in athletics, playing on the football and basketball teams. Joe is a good dancer and plays a splendid game of black jack. Max Riegel is the pill slinger; he also specialized in hair tonics, giving us a new sample to smell every day. He was an expert in concocting dishes with the ice cream flavor. Max liked Latin but was still fonder of English. The shiek of the class was Sidney Ritter. A sailor has a sweetheart in every port, but Sidney has a sweetheart in every town. He has been known to drive seventy miles to take a girl to a dance. Sidney tickled the ivories to perfection. Flora Smith showed great talent in the Art Department. Her drawings may be seen in many of the school text-books. We have two Helens in the class, Helen O'Keefe and Helen Talbert. Their favorite pastime was studying. Helen O'Keefe specialized in the Commercial Department and Helen Talbert has been working for a college entrance. Dorothy Ridley has naturally curly hair. She could usually be found at all the Grange dances. She was never alone. She was also interested in the gas office. James Tuomy, better known as "Rosebud," excelled the class members in dancing. "Rosebud" was usually late for his first class because of oversleeping. Dorothy Twist made a very sweet old maid and played the part of a spinster exceedingly well in our senior play. Teresa Christiano has been a silent and steady worker, but the old saying is, "Still waters run deep." Lena is truly a Walker and has spent her summers at the mountains. Jean Whitaker was usually seen in company with Mary Hall. Jean was a bookworm and her favorite subject was science and performing experiments in the laboratory.

And now our history comes to a close. We must leave this high school of Waterloo and the dear teachers who have helped us faithfully through the difficulties of our four years as high school students. We are determined to become as successful in the tasks before us as we have been in our high school career.

CLASS PROPHECY

ONE EVENING I was sitting before the fireside idly watching the dancing flames. Gradually they became hazy and indistinct.

Ah! At last it is clearing. I see myself on a great ship, traveling around the world.

A man enters and asks me if I am comfortable. That face looks familiar. I have it—it's my old classmate, Benn Townley. He tells me that the captain of the ship is Joe McKone, who has traveled for many years on the waters and gained much renown as a hardy, courageous seaman. We talk pleasantly of former times for a few minutes, and then everything changes.

I am in a large city. Everything is bustle and confusion. A man seizes my luggage and I at once recognize the strong sturdy grip of my old friend, Jim Tuomy, who had followed his life's work, started in our senior play. He tells me that Jack Gerard and Dot Campbell are now happily married, living in a little apartment in Geneva, so Jack can be near the burlesques.

I get into a cab and am quickly driven up to a large hotel. I get out to pay the man and see that it is Harold Hoy, our competent chauffeur during High School days.

I go into the hotel, go up to the desk to register, and look full into the face of my old classmate, Phil Larish. He tells me he is proprietor of the hotel and has had a very successful life. We talk of bygone days, and he informs me that Flora Smith has a room in his hotel.

I run excitedly to Flora's room and she tells me that she is now a commercial artist, teaching at Pratt Institute.

Finally I go to my room for a rest and there I am disturbed by a knock on the door. It is Ed Webster, dressed as a bellhop, but he tells me he is really a detective in disguise. He had experience with Irma in this line during the senior play.

A mist obscures my sight. It clears. I am in a large cathedral listening to a sermon, "The Modern Generation," and the preacher is no other than Albert Buck.

A slight shifting of scenes. Ah! A large cafeteria in New York. I hear voices, a familiar voice. "Put that right down here, please." It is Elizabeth Lewis, chief dietitian in the cafeteria, giving orders to her workers. Oh, how well she could do that back in Homemaking. One of her junior dietitians is Lena Walker, who worked so diligently under Mrs. Allison. Liz tells me that Louise Whitehead is head nurse in a large hospital in New York. At least Louise's dreams were not shattered by the advice of friends. Liz also tells me that Mary Hayes is now a prominent prima donna. I always knew Mary could roll her r's well.

My mind drifts to a large business concern. Two girls are busily working at a typewriter. They are Helen O'Keefe and Ruth Huson, who worked so hard in Miss Proskine's classes. Another girl, mimeographing a large sheaf of papers, is no less than Katherine Felber, who had prepared our history papers so long ago.

I am transported to a tiny attic room where someone is bent over writing

very studiously. Ah! Mary Butler, your dreams are being fulfilled. Writing a book. Success, Mary!

Next I see some waving pennants. It is a college football game. Ringing cheers float on the air; shouting and yelling after a victorious game. A large group of players are carrying a man upon their shoulders. It is Rod Duffy, our Waterloo High School football hero. After the game they gather for an open air dance on the campus. That music sounds familiar. I look again at the pianist—Sidney Ritter tickling the ivories as he did after the basketball games.

I wait between dances and go over to talk to Sid. He tells me that Dorothy Ridley is married and living at Junius; John Mitchell has taken an agricultural course and is head of an experiment station, while Fred Larsen is still living in the country, running a farm.

Now the scene is changing. From the height and looks of the building it is a large school. There is a large group of girls walking with a tall, dignified lady. I hear them call her Dean Becker. A woman comes up to Barbara to talk. It is Jean Whitaker. I go over to speak to them and during the conversation Jean tells me she is an English teacher at the school, while her chum, Mary Hall, has joined the Red Cross and is going overseas for more extensive work.

This scene is fading to give place to another. A lady is walking down by a small lake with a group of small children. It is Irma Seeber, who is a kindergarten teacher, and from the way the students look at her they evidently adore her. We have a pleasant talk, and Irma tells me Doris Bell is married to a rich Englishman with a title and they are now making a tour of the world. I always knew that Doris would travel. She always loved excitement and new places.

This next place looks natural. It's my old home town and the first thing that meets my eye is a sign, Sandford & Riegel. The store is in the same place. I go into the store, and Max is busily preparing a prescription. He greets me cordially and tells me the history of some of my classmates who have remained in Waterloo.

Robert Whitaker is running a meat market, getting his experience from working after school at Lux's.

Leatha Sweet is working in a dentist's office and gaining much fame as a dental hygienist.

Eloise Humiston is running a beauty shop and still keeping company with Red.

Teresa Christiano is a teacher in the public school and having great success.

Dorothy Twist conducts a dancing school at her home. Everyone knows that Dot could trip the light fantastic.

The scene changes again. It is a large summer resort, and an aviation field is near by. A crowd of people are cheering a man who is climbing into an airplane. The aviator is Frank Baker, who is starting on a transcontinental flight. Maybe a second Lindbergh.

I go down to the pier and watch abstractedly while a girl who someone tells me is a swimming instructress climbs to a tower. It is Helen Talbert. She runs to the end of the plank and jumps—a splash and all vanishes.

I am again before the fireside and it has been only a dream. Yet the future foretells bright and interesting adventures for the Class of 1928.

CLASS POEM

Should you ask me whence these stories,
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odor of the chalk dust,
With the dampness of ink fluid,
With the smothered tones of students,
With the victories of athletics,
With their frequent repetition,
With our wild reverberations,
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the ivy-covered high school,
From the walls so tall and stately,
From the halls so wide and lengthy,
From the place we love so well.
From the classrooms small and cozy
Where the teachers helped us always,
Helped to teach us Math and English,
Latin, French, and Science, too.
I repeat them as I heard them.
Should you ask where Franklin Baker
Found his dignity so great
That he's chieftain of the seniors
So distinctly up to date?
Another shining star we have,
Another son of Waterloo.
'Tis John Mitchell now I mention,
How he lived, and toiled, and studied,
That his standings might be high,
How he labored for the victory
Now he has the Valedictory.
If still further you should ask me,
Saying, "Who is Barbara Becker?
Tell us of this Barbara Becker,"
I should answer your inquiries
Straightway in such words as follows:
Barbara is Salutatorian
Of the class of '28;
Nobly did she dig her Latin,
Dig her French and Science, too,
Passing all with such good marks
That she won the honor so.
Then she went to Canandaigua,
Brought home gold and honors, too,
For our Alma Mater true.

In a manner sweetly posing
Speaks our Mary with sarcasm,
Our good student, Mary Butler,
Reads the starry page of heaven.
Do you ask who plays the fiddle,
Makes the music strange and sweet?
Benn is sometimes very bashful,
And again he has a "Price".
If ye sometimes in your rambles
Hear the tinkle of a "Bell",
It is Doris sweet and sunny,
Paused a while to muse and ponder
O'er which boy to cast a spell.
Oh, my friends, my teachers, people,
Listen to these words I tell you
Of our singers here before you.
Mary, with her sweet voice singing;
Irma's tones so sweetly ringing;
Louise sweet music to us bringing;
Ever willing, ever ready,
Happy are they in their work.
"Honor be to Albert Buck,"
Cried the judges, three wise judges,
When he came in triumph speaking
Of the famous "Traitor's Death Bed".
You shall hear how Sidney Ritter
Vamped the girls so sweet and luring,
Took them riding in his "chevie",
Played the piano for their dancing.
You shall hear how Dorothy Campbell,
"Beans and Soup" so often called,
Smiles so lovely at her suitors,
For she really loves them all.
Two good friends are Katherine and Helen,
Singled out from all the others.
Many times you find them typing,
Even overtime they work.
"Lazy Max," said Mr. Foley,
"In your work you never help me;
In your studies you are loafing;
Idling in your seat, I see you.
You must work when you're in college."
Then Leatha Sweet, the great historian,
She the marvelous story teller,
She the writer and the talker,
She the friend of John McGuane
Will make a bow to you tonight.

Then the joking Robert Whitaker,
Putting off his lesson learning.
Day by day he would not study;
Little heeded he the teachers,
But at last he sought to conquer,
Working hard both night and morn.
Thus it is that Flora Smith,
In her wisdom, taught the students
All the mysteries of painting,
All the art of poster drawing
On the back of beaver board.
And behold! Our Jean Whitaker
With her soft and curling tresses,
Always you will see her
Carrying many books of learning.
"'Tis enough," said Mrs. Ryan
Frowning on young Harold Hoy,
"If you now must do your talking
A zero will be your mark today."
Day by day does Dorothy Ridley
Drive so far to get her learning,
Study hard to get each lesson.
Dorothy never does much talking.
Joe McKone well loved to slumber,
But he heard the gong a ringing,
Heard the voice of Mr. Miller,
Found himself a-rushing homeward
Because he napped so long in school.
Jack Gerard, a mighty talker,
He the marvelous story teller
Told his tales of anecdotes
That his classes might be joyous,
That the time might pass more gayly.
Then the merry mischief maker,
He the idle Rosebud Tuomy,
Whom the boys had called the "Lemon"—
Little heeded he their jesting,
Little cared he for their insults,
For the flappers and the maidens
Loved the handsome Rosebud Tuomy.
You shall hear a tale of wonder
Of our athlete Rogers Duffy.
No one ever shot a basket
Half so far and straight as he.

Of Eloise I now will tell you
And her lovers, the rejected,
For she said, "I care not for you,
Care not for your jest and laughter;
I am happy with my Jimmy
In his old delivery wagon."
Forth with cheerful, smiling features
Comes Dorothy Twist, our class recorder,
She who tells us what we have done,
She who tells us what we will do.
She with many words repeats
What she said to Carleton Sweet.
Young and lovely is Ruth Huson;
She it is that brings the sunshine;
Diligently she's always working.
Full of pep is our Ruth Carroll,
Goes to many a dance and party,
Likes a boy whose hair is red,
Studies some, but then at most
Spends her time with "Sammie" Post.
Listless, careless Philip Larish,
In his life he had no shadow,
In his heart no sorrow had he.
Always seeking crippled subjects.
You shall hear how Elizabeth Lewis
With the handsome Gordon Henningson
Danced so lightly at the Prom.
How the gentle, sweet Teresa—
She the quietest of us all—
Studied hard to make her units.
Helen Talbert, brisk and busy,
Studied hard both night and morning.
Never, never was she late;
She's in the class of '28.
And the gentle Lena Walker,
She it is that smiles so sweetly
Like a wild flower of the forest.
Many miles drove Frederick Larsen,
Not in search of new adventure,
Came with speed into the village,
Usually found us all assembled
In our classes large or small.
Now we say, "Farewell, dear classmates,
Farewell to thee, oh Waterloo.
Farewell, ivy-covered high school!
From its walls so tall and stately,
From its hall so long and lengthy,
Goes the Class of '28.

LAST WILL *and* TESTAMENT

WE, the Senior Class of Waterloo High School, of the Town of Waterloo, of the County of Seneca, and the State of New York, being in sound mind and memory, to make, publish and declare this our last will and testament; in manner following we bequeath such of our possessions as we consider no longer necessary to us, as we are now approaching the reality of the future.

First—To the faculty we bequeath our sincerest thanks for their aid in helping us secure our abundant store of knowledge.

Second—To the High School we bequeath our financial and worldly success.

Third—To the Juniors we bequeath our vacant seats and studious influence on the younger generation.

Fourth—To the Sophomores we bequeath our unknown (to the teachers) knowledge of Languages and Science.

Fifth—To the Freshmen we bequeath the honor of welcoming next year's French in a warm and intricate manner.

Sixth—To Samuel Post we bequeath Franklin Baker's insects appeal.

Seventh—To Marcia Pearson we bequeath Barbara Becker's sober, steadfast and demure manner.

Eighth—To Geraldine Doll we bequeath Doris Bell's ability to control the masculine sex.

Ninth—To Charles Kline we bequeath Albert Buck's oratorical ability.

Tenth—To Marjorie Kerridge we bequeath Mary Butler's poetic tendencies.

Eleventh—To Phoebe Clark we bequeath Dorothy Campbell's jovial disposition.

Twelfth—To Martha Reed we bequeath Ruth Carroll's intense appreciation of beauty, especially on moonlight nights.

Thirteen—To Peter Adams we bequeath Teresa Christiano's studious nature.

Fourteenth—To Sara Tuomy we bequeath Katherine Felber's good average in History.

Fifteenth—To James Long we bequeath John Gerard's seeming ignorance of the Volstead Act.

Sixteenth—To John Berry we bequeath Mary Hall's sincere affection.

Seventeeth—To Mabel Curle we bequeath Mary Hayes' vocal ability.

Eighteenth—To Warren Cottrell we bequeath Harold Hoy's ability to ferret out auto thieves.

Nineteenth—To Esther Thorpe we bequeath Eloise Humiston's reserved seat in Long's Grocery truck.

Twentieth—To Frances MacDonald we bequeath Ruth Huson's brief synopsis of American History.

Twenty-first—To George Lanphere we bequeath Philip Larish's love for dancing.

Twenty-second—To John Berry we bequeath Fred Larson's love of the wide open spaces.

Twenty-third—To Gordon Henningson we bequeath Elizabeth Lewis' love of the game.

Twenty-fourth—To Willard Milliman we bequeath John Mitchell's unexcelled ability with the comb.

Twenty-fifth—To Howard Morrin we bequeath Joseph McKone's military experience.

Twenty-sixth—To Frances Laffan we bequeath Helen O'Keef's aptitude for staying home nights.

Twenty-seventh—To Jane Yost we bequeath Dorothy Ridley's quiet attitude and ability to remain silent.

Twenty-eighth—To Willis Schott we bequeath Sidney Ritter's stately bearing and artistic temperament.

Twenty-ninth—To Mary Bannister we bequeath Irma Seeber's affection for Mr. Strong.

Thirtieth—To Dorothy Van Kirk we bequeath Flora Smith's thorough knowledge of country roads.

Thirty-first—To Mabel Huson we bequeath Leatha Sweet's way with Canoga farmers.

Thirty-second—To Elizabeth Price we bequeath Helen Talbert's docile manner.

Thirty-third—To the Boys' Band we bequeath Benn Townley's old violin case.

Thirty-fourth—To Francis Bordner we bequeath James Tuomy's untold ambition as a baseball pitcher.

Thirty-fifth—To Arlene Lahr we bequeath Dorothy Twist's love for Sweets.

Thirty-sixth—To Carleton Milliman we bequeath Lena Walker's attendance in school Monday afternoons.

Thirty-seventh—To Sarah Webber we bequeath Jean Whitaker's start in the hair growing industry.

Thirty-eighth—To Alfred Dowden Curle we bequeath Robert Whitaker's experience with chickens.

Thirty-ninth—To Edward Webster we bequeath Louise Whitehead's collection of short stories.

Lastly—We hereby appoint Charles E. Foley executor of this, our last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all former wills made by us.

In Witness Whereof we have hereunto subscribed our name this, the 25th day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight.

MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF WATERLOO HIGH SCHOOL.

And we do hereby certify that on the 25th day of June, 1928, the testator subscribed his name to this instrument in our presence and in the presence of each of us, and at the same time, in our presence and hearing, declared the same to be the last Will and Testament, and requested us, and each of us, to sign our names thereto as witness to the execution thereof, which we hereby do in the presence of the testator and of each other, on the said date, and write opposite our names our respective places of residence.

ROGERS DUFFY, *Testator,*
For the Senior Class of Waterloo High School.

Witnesses:
Mr. Charles E. Strong, residing at Waterloo, N. Y.
Miss Katherine C. Hiller, residing at Waterloo, N. Y.
June 25, 1928.

VALEDICTORY

WE, the class of 1928, wish to express our gratitude to you, the members of the Board of Education, patient teachers, and long suffering parents, for your diligent assistance and kindly guidance in the essence of life, for freeing us of the shackles of ignorance and for girding us in the struggle of life with that most puissant factor of progress — *education*. Tonight is the culmination of four years of effort on your part and ours, and we sincerely hope that our endeavors justly merit your approbation.

Vanitus vanitatum et omnia vanitatum describes man's opinion of himself. Science shows him his nihility and disturbs his ego, so he scoffs and disbelieves. He overlooks the fact that Science by its investigation of the truth for truth's sake has freed him from the grip of superstition, has lengthened his span of life, and has enabled him to have his synthetic sunlight, food, clothing, etc., his electric servants, motor car, radio, cinema. Science has a finger in every pie. Its effects are evident physically, mentally and even religiously.

Science has delved into the composition of matter. Man is more than fifty per cent water, a common example of matter. We shall see what has been found out about it, taking an eighth-inch drop of water as a starting point.

As we theoretically enlarge it, it becomes at fifty thousand times a 520-foot cold, grey, forbidding mass with its structure still concealed, at fifty million times it is a hundred miles in diameter and encloses us.

The flickering all about us is caused by molecules. They make up matter. To find what they are made of the drop must undergo another enlargement of a thousand times. Now we find that the infinitesimal molecule is made up of two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen. We are inside of a hydrogen atom.

In this world fifty billion times normal size the atom is 40 feet in diameter. All you can see is a flashing line 20 feet away which marks the path of an electron.

You are disappointed. You came to see what matter is made up of and as yet you have found almost nothing. Enlarge the atom to eight miles in diameter. The electron is only eight inches in diameter—yet science has weighed and measured it. What it is revolving about is too small to be seen. It is the nucleus of positive electricity. The electron is negative.

Beyond that science has not been. It has found that matter is a region of electrical force. These regions do not occupy space any more than the stars fill up the sky. They actually occupy only one-billionth of one per cent of the entire volume. Science can discern no such matter as we are accustomed to think of.

In measuring the atom millionths of a centimeter are used; in mundane mensuration, the mile; but in interstellar space the light year which is about six million millions of miles is used.

Our sun is a star of ordinary brightness belonging to the milky way, a universe three hundred thousand light years across, which is estimated to contain from ten billion to a trillion stars of one of which the earth is a satellite and we mere denizens thereon.

Man doesn't think of his earth as it is, a mere grain of dust. His pride of opinion keeps him from conceiving that he is a sabatonic creature on a tiniest mote of matter.

We prate of progress and lag behind our own preachings from ten to a hundred years. We brag about our new freedom. But how free are we of today — from war, pestilence, fire, sickness, crime; from hate, jealousy, scorn, malice, intolerance, hypocrisy; from established opinion of a church, school and government; from decrees of fashion, convictions of the mob, mandates of the politician, propaganda of the press.

Youth is struggling for freedom from such things and by doubting, by testing, by critical activity in the human cortex is disrupting the worm-eaten dogmas of time.

Advance is opposed by those who can learn no more, who are crystallized in their opinions and beliefs and swear and live according to routine habits; by those who look back, and by those who forget to behave like human beings and renew their youth *as a little child with an open mind*, for *nil homini certum est*.

JOHN MITCHELL.

W H S

Mr. Strong: "Benn, how would you tell mushrooms from toadstools?"
Townley: "I wait until next morning. If I am here, they were mushrooms. If I am in heaven they were toadstools."

Hoy: "Say, Mr. Miller, you remind me of an aeroplane."
Mr. Miller: "Why?"
Hoy: "Because you are no good on earth.'

EXAMS AGAIN!

Out of the bed at breaking of day,
Out of slumber the price to pay
For all these months which we've idled away—
Exams again!

Please tell me why we should torture endure
When the wide outdoors has cast its lure?
Alas! Again there are, to be sure,
Exams again!

The teacher racks the nooks of her brain
To give us misery. Nay, even pain!
Surely her efforts are not in vain—
Exams again!

For we cram and cram and cram some more
To fill us with knowledge we abhor
And all is useless for what's in store—
Exams again!

With fear and trembling we enter the room
Prepared to meet victory or doom;
Before us all defeat seems to loom—
Exams again!

Our hopes are shattered with first we gaze
At the questions. Then in a painful daze
We start to follow the tangled maze—
Exams again!

We think of the time when we were free,
Then the hours of idleness we see,
And then of the next time there will be
Exams again!

We secretly resolve that next time
Will find us quite peaceful and sublime.
We'll study and study for that crime—
Exams again!

But the next time comes on rushing wings,
And with it that awful dread it brings.
A little demon around us sings
Exams again!

Thus all through life exams we'll meet.
They may bring the whole world to our feet
Or we may suffer a bitter defeat.
But—exams still!

MARY BUTLER, '28.

CLASS STATISTICS

Name	*Nickname*	*Hangout*	*Hobby*	*Initials*	*Expression*	*How Got Thru*
B. Becker	Bar	New York	Snatching prizes	Blonde Baby	Hi!	On high
D. Bell	Debs	Seneca Falls	Riding ponies	Doll Baby	Sorry!	Sold baked goods
M. Butler	Mary	School	Making A's	More Brunettes	Oh, my!	On roller skates
D. Campbell	Soup	Becker-McLean's Office	Jacking up	Darn Cute	Where's Jack?	Locked her wheels and skidded thru
R. Carroll	Carroll	The Grand	Ringing up dimes	Red Curles	Honest!!	Taking exercises
T. Christiano	Teresa	R. R.	Smiling	Terribly Clever	Sure!!	Swam the English Channel
K. Felber	Commodore	Cor. Elisha and Va. Streets	Running the mimeograph	Katchin' Fellows	Wait till I get you outside	Talked her way thru
M. Hall	Mary	Coal Yard	Picking berries	My Heavens!	Hot Soc!	On her looks
M. Hays	Hazy	House Parties	Giggling	More H. . . .	Well I'll be darned	Paid the Price
E. Humiston	Hummy	Tea Wagon	Delivering groceries	Ever Hurrying	I'll betcha!	In the tea wagon
R. Huson	Squeak	In an Essex	Typing	Real Handsome	You would!	Smilin' thru
E. Lewis	Sid	Downtown	Riding	Ever Laughing	Oh, Deah!	Ran the gauntlet
H. O'Keefe	Helen	Cor. Elisha and Va. Streets	Vamping	H. O. (Oats)	Soc in the wash	Directed by Bob, the cop
D. Ridley	Dot	Grange Dances	Physics	Darn Right	I don't believe it	By perseverance
I. Seeber	Bubs	Art Shop	Driving cars	I'm Sunk	Givan	On her walk
F. Smith	Flo	On the line	Chewing gum	Forever Singing	Search me!	Catching rides
L. Sweet	Sweetie	Skoi Yase	Dancing	Love Sick	Say, John!	In the Essex
H. Talbert	Helen	Home	Int. Algebra	Hard Tack	Oh, dear!	On a run
D. Twist	Twisty	Hotel	Keeping sweet	Do Try	Cut it out!	In reverse
L. Walker	Lena	Church St.	Getting to school early	Little Women	Good-night	On her head
J. Whitaker	Jeanny	Coal Yard	Being vague	Just Wonderful	You would	Just naturally
L. Whitehead	Oozy	Whiskey Hill	Selling insurance	Light Weight	No kiddin'	Kidding the teachers

Name	*Nickname*	*Hangout*	*Hobby*	*Initials*	*Expression*	*How Got Thru*
F. Baker	Frankie	At the store	Athletics	Fried or Baked	Oh, Doris	Home run
A. Buck	Buckie	Down the line	Blushing	All Bunk	That's right!	Shoe leather express
R. Duffy	Rog	Seneca Falls	Dancing	Rag Doll	Who! me!	On foot
J. Gerard	Duke	Campbell's Mfg. Co.	Running the Co.	Juicy Grapes	Got a match?	On hot soup
H. Hoy	Spitter	In his Ford	Running out of gas	Hot Ham	What the——	In reverse
P. Larish	Skip	Anywhere	Studying	Plain lazy	What causes that?	No one knows
F. Larsen	Freddie	On the farm	Driving a milk wagon	Frankly loving	It might be so!	Hard driving
J. McKone	Tink	The Arcade	Sleeping	Just Mooch	I can't tell a lie	Snoring
J. Mitchell	John	On the farm	Getting high marks	Just man	Oh, dear	On a hop and a jump
M. Reigle	Max	Sandford's	Making sodas	Mord Rope	Hi! you	Sold rubber gum
S. Ritter	Sid	Junius	Shieking	Summer Rose	Yours till they ride nightmares	In his Chevrolet
B. Townley	Benn	At home	Studying	Best trousers	Cheese and crackers	On his bicycle
E. Webster	Eddie	In a canoe	Writing notes	Ever weary	How's that?	We know not
J. Tuomy	Rose Bud	Joe Quinn's	Bluffing	Just teasing	I was going to do that	A miracle
R. Whitaker	Bob	Lux & Sons	Chewing with boss	Rain water	Oh, Marje	Joined the boy and marched thru

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Make your own jokes --- and you laugh alone

PRIZE SPEAKING

THE annual prize speaking contest of the Waterloo High School was held on March 23, 1928, in the Presbyterian Church. It was necessary to find some different place in which to hold the prize speaking contest this year as the old high school had already been demolished, but the Presbyterian Church was made available and met the requirements very nicely. The pupils entered in the contest this year were: Albert Buck, Rogers Duffy, Louise Whitehead and Elizabeth Lewis from the class of 1928; Willis Schott, Seward Wooley, Mabel Huson and Mary Bannister from the class of 1929. On account of illness, Rogers Duffy was unable to take part in the contest.

The first prizes of ten dollars each were won by Albert Buck and Louise Whitehead, while the second prizes of five dollars each were awarded to Seward Wooley and Elizabeth Lewis.

SENIOR PLAY

THE class of 1928 presented "Sally & Co." as their senior play. It was given on Thursday and Friday evenings, the third week in December. Being a very charming play it was splendidly received.

The cast was well taken as follows:

Sally, owner of a "Hatte Shoppe'.....Irma Seeber
Dora Bible.....Barbara Becker
Iva Hankins, assistant.....Louise Whitehead
Mr. Stephen Bates, a wealthy widower.....Edward Webster
Hetty Bates, his sister.....Dorothy Twist
Cynthia Bates, his daughter.....Doris Bell
Emma, the maid.....Leatha Sweet
Jack Mortimer, from New York.....John Gerard
Charlie Thacker, a reporter.....Philip Larish
Mrs. Tully Plunket, Mrs. Appleby — Two very talkative ladies.....Elizabeth Lewis, Ruth Carroll
Mary Brooks, a flapper.....Dorothy Campbell
George, a man who carries bagagge.....James Tuomy
The minister.....Albert Buck

Class

1928

CLASS *of* 1928

Franklin Baker ..... President
Barbara Becker ..... Vice-President
Mary Hall ..... Secretary
Robert Whitaker ..... Treasurer
Valedictorian ..... John Mitchell
Salutatorian ..... Barbara Becker

HONOR STUDENTS

Franklin Baker
Doris Bell
Mary Butler
Irma Seeber
Benn Townley
Louise Whitehead

WATERLOO HIGH SCHOOL BAND

WITH the help of Mr. John Becker, Mr. Mynert Henningson, Mr. Charles E. Foley, Rev. J. B. Arthur, Mr. Edward O. Conant and many others, a Waterloo High School Band has been organized.

After a few meetings, there was an election of officers. The officers are: Bill Pelton, president; John Becker, vice-president; Seward Wooley, treasurer; and Harold Birch, secretary.

Many donations have been gratefully received and the boys wish to pay back this kindness by making our high school band one of the best in the state.

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

THE work of the school orchestra has been badly handicapped this year by lack of adequate rooms in which to practice and because the school program has been so badly broken up by our situation in temporary quarters. However, it is certain that there are a number of pupils in high school who are very talented along musical lines, and when we are located in the new building an orchestra will be organized that will be competent to furnish music creditable to the school on all occasions.

CLASS *of* 1929

DETERMINED to make the class of '29 one of the most worthy classes that have ever attended Waterloo High School, we entered this auspicious building in September, 1925, happy and ready to overcome any obstacles that might appear in our path. We, therefore, elected the following officers: President, Seward Wooley; vice-president, Mary Bannister; secretary-treasurer, Hazel Weaver; class adviser, Miss Proskine.

In November we held another meeting to select our class banner and class colors. The colors chosen were scarlet and royal blue. The banner may now be seen in its honor position in the study hall.

The next year we entered high school but now as Sophomores. A class meeting was held and the following officers were selected: President, Samuel Post; vice-president, Esther Reisdorph; secretary, Frances Laffan; treasurer, Stanley Ryan; class adviser, Mr. Miller.

Our Sophomore Hop, which was held on May 28th, proved to be a great success both socially and financially.

The year passed quickly and we were again back in school, now Juniors. At our first meeting of the year Miss Fahy and Miss Proskine were chosen class advisers; Willis Schott, president; Marjorie Kerridge, vice-president; Seward Wooley, treasurer; William Marshall, secretary.

The Junior Prom was held on April 9th and proved to be one of the most colorful events of the season. The music was furnished by Roy Wheeler and his orchestra.

Next year will end our high school career and we will step out into the world with happy memories of Waterloo High School.

W. S., '29.

CLASS *of* 1930

WE entered high school in September, nineteen twenty-six, prepared for the usual "slams" and sneers due all Freshmen. There was much endured but there were no very serious offenses.

A meeting was called for the purpose of electing officers. The following were elected: President, Clarence Scott; vice-president, Dritha Duffy; secretary, Dorothy Litzenberger; treasurer, John Bucknar; class adviser, Mr. Cook.

We purchased our class banner in the first part of October. Blue and silver are our colors.

We left school in June, passed away a pleasant vacation and came back to school in September to begin our Sophomore year.

A class meeting was called together by Mr. Foley. We elected the following: President, John C. Becker; vice-president, Dritha Duffy; secretary, Dorothy Gerlach; treasurer, Stanley Ryan; class advisers, Mrs. Ryan and Mr. Strong.

We have had several candy sales, the proceeds of which added much to our treasury. Our Sophomore Hop was a success socially as well as financially.

We extend our most sincere congratulations to the class of 1928. May we follow the pace they have set for us.

J. B., '30.

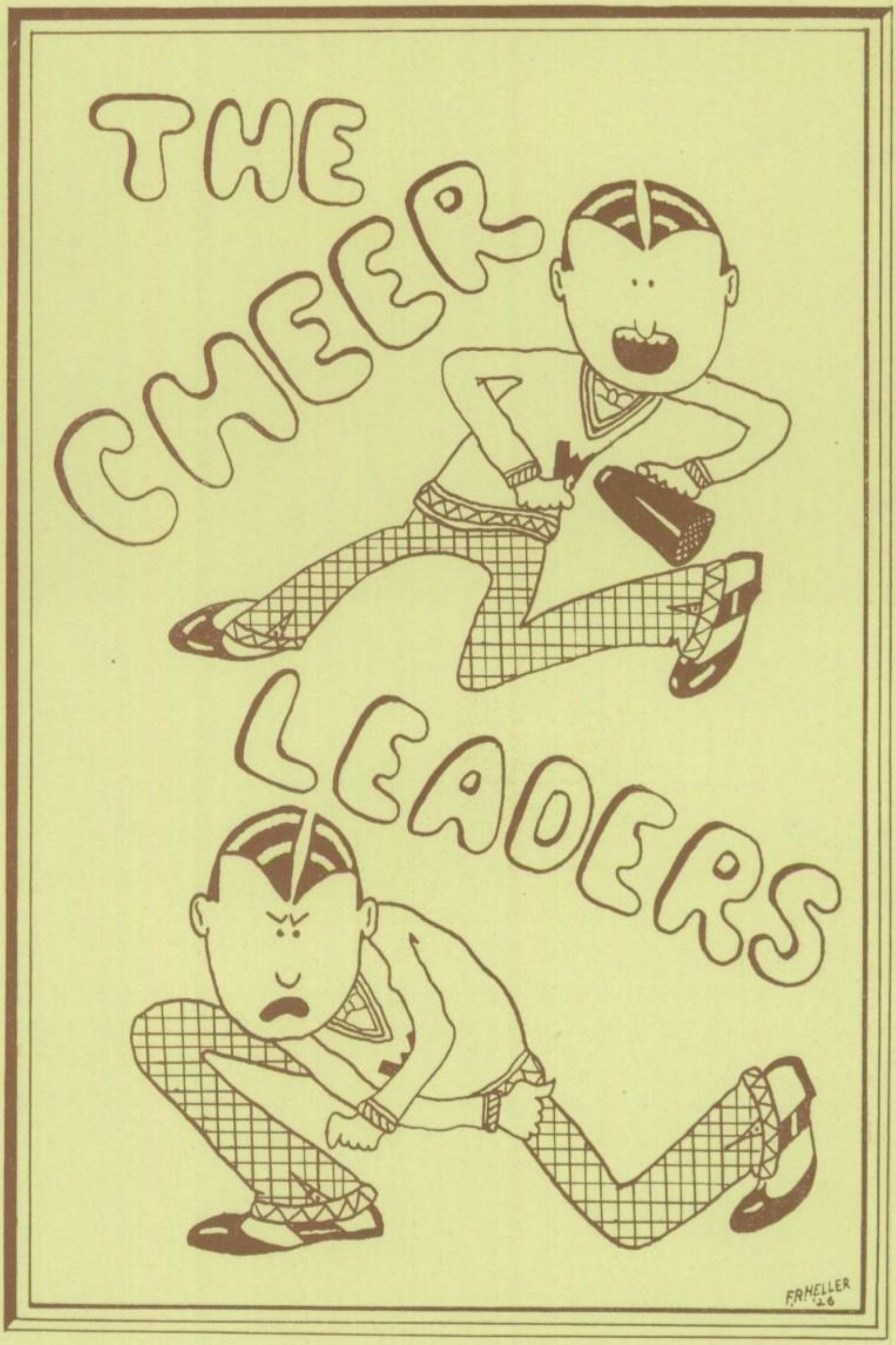
CLASS *of* 1931

IN September, 1927, we held our first meeting to elect officers and select class colors. The following officers were elected: President, Freeman Avery; vice-president, Beatrice Jarvis; secretary, Fern Loucks; treasurer, Max Rightmyer; class advisers, Mrs. Allison and Mr. Cook. Maroon and silver were selected for the class colors. Our treasurer took up a collection to obtain the money for purchasing the class banner.

Our second meeting was in January, 1928. One of our advisers, Mr. Cook, had resigned and Mrs. Jones was selected to take his place. At this meeting we also planned a sleigh ride. This was indefinitely postponed on account of the disappearance of the snow.

Though our beginning was rather inauspicious we hope that the class of 1931 will accomplish great things in the future.

C. M., '31.


THE
CHEER
LEADERS
F.R.HELLER '16

FOOTBALL

UNDER the guidance of John Milliman, Waterloo High School had a football team to be proud of. The grit and enthusiasm shown by candidates for the team will put W. H. S. on the map for football as well as basketball and baseball.

Out of five games played only one was lost, and that was lost to Cook Academy, a school out of the Orange and Black's class.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

THE girls' basketball team of 1927-28 was certainly a plucky one. In spite of the lack of interest shown by the girls in turning out for practice, and the fact that the coach who started the season with the team resigned early in the season, the record made was one to bring honor to Waterloo High School. Seneca Falls met its Waterloo in its first losing game of the season. Penn Yan received a decisive defeat when they met the home girls in a game played in the local gymnasium, the final score being 59-24. The seemingly invincible team of Weedsport was also conquered.

In all the girls had six victories and seven defeats. Credit should be given to those girls who came out and practiced faithfully, and especially to those who did not become regulars and were forced to be classed as "seconds" for the entire season. If more girls could be interested in coming out for the team it is certain that the record that could be made would be much more impressive.

The lineup of the team for the season was as follows: Running center, Cassandra Waterman; center, Jane Yost; right forward, Ester Thorpe; left forward, Marjorie Kerridge; right guard, Mary Butler; left guard, Gladys Yells; substitutes, Adelaide Waterman, Fern Loucks, Mabel Curle.

BASKETBALL

THE basketball team of 1927-28, representing Waterloo High School, made a very creditable showing by winning fifteen of the twenty games played, losing to teams representing large high schools.

Although Waterloo did not win the Finger Lakes League pennant, it did play well and maintained a high standard of sportsmanship, which every team should strive to do. From a financial standpoint the season was a success.

Like other years, the "Old Gym" was unable to accommodate the large crowds that would congregate to cheer the Orange and Black to victory.

Results of the games were as follows:

Waterloo	33	14	Weedsport
Waterloo	17	22	Brick Church
Waterloo	31	12	Watkins Glen
Waterloo	37	25	Trinity Church
Waterloo	20	10	Vocational
Waterloo	20	27	Canandaigua
Waterloo	34	20	Penn Yan
Waterloo	27	13	Weedsport
Waterloo	13	20	Alumni
Waterloo	21	11	Geneva
Waterloo	34	8	Mynderse

Waterloo	23	22	East Syracuse
Waterloo	15	36	Canandaigua
Waterloo	12	10	Penn Yan
Waterloo	25	33	Geneva
Waterloo	17	15	Mynderse
Waterloo	26	18	Vocational
Waterloo	34	26	Penn Yan
Waterloo	24	23	East Syracuse
Waterloo	48	28	Trinity Church
	516	393	

Name	Points
McDonald (Captain)	199
W. Milliman	89
C. Milliman	80
Schott	55
Bordner	54
Baker	15
Duffy	7
McKone	3

Jean W.: "Gee, I wish we had a basketball game this week."
M. Hall: "I thought we did."
Jean W.: "Who?"
M. Hall: "Pending."

Miss Fahy: "Irma, was there any translation of this Cicero passage in the notes?"
Irma: "I don't know. I just received two but I haven't opened them yet."

Albert Buck: "Is Mr. Ford here?"
Office Boy: "No, sir, he is not."
Buck: "When he comes in tell him I have decided to cancel my order for one of his new cars. I can't wait any longer."

BASEBALL

STARTING the season with a group of veterans the baseball team shows promise of being a credit to Waterloo High School, famous for good baseball teams. Practically all of last year's team are in school this year, and are augmented by the return of the Milliman brothers and the addition of Lanphere, who formerly played with Auburn High School. With all these stars the team appears able to win a majority of the games on the hard schedule arranged. The first game was lost by the score of 12-2 to the Syracuse Frosh. Coach Cook then made a few improving changes and after losing to Auburn, 3-2, the team finally hit its stride and swamped Watkins Glen High School, 28-4, in a seven-inning game.

The remainder of the schedule follows: Auburn at Waterloo, George Junior Republic at Waterloo, Fairport at Waterloo, Watkins Glen at Watkins Glen, Fairport at Fairport, Syracuse Vocational High at Waterloo.

Waterloo	6	3 Auburn
Waterloo	4	0 Geo. Junior Rep.
Waterloo	11	4 Fairport

AUTOGRAPHS

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Jack G.: "I knew Dot was mine as soon as I caught her eyes."

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